

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA BY MARY DEVEREUX WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON (Copyright, 1902, by Little, Brown, and Company) (All Rights Reserved)

CHAPTER III.

The gray was flushing with rose tints from the coming sun when a loud knocking upon the entrance door aroused the soldier on guard in the hall.

"Open the door!" a voice shouted peremptorily. "Tatrot! Pierre! A thousand devils! You fools inside there, open the door, I say!"

The disturbance brought Grelot from his improvised couch at the rear of the hall; and climbing the ladder, he pushed his head through the broken window for a sight of who might be outside.

"Who are you?" demanded the young man standing before the door, his voice indicating surprise as he looked at the face of the soldier above him.

"That is what I should like to have you tell me of yourself, m'sieur," answered Grelot, in his usual dry manner, his not over friendly eyes noting the details of the attire worn by the aristocratically clad visitor.

"Dame!" now exclaimed the latter, evidently more angry than before. "What business can it be of yours? Who are you, that dare cavil over opening to me the door of my father's house?"

"He is but one; and there are two of us to handle such a cocksparrow as I could easily overcome alone, with one hand," said Grelot scornfully, as the bars fell, and Etienne entered, somewhat paler than usual, and his hair and raiment disheveled from an all-night's concealment in one of the outbuildings of the chateau.

Wishing to see the baron, in order to press his demand for more funds, the young man had, unannounced, come down from Paris, and chanced to arrive the evening before, during the wildest part of the melee.

He was by this time accustomed to

her to take the young officer into her confidence. Looking up into the cold, clean-cut face before her, she asked, "You will not leave here to-day, Monsieur?"

"Perhaps; I cannot decide until later."

"Before you go, monsieur, I would take it as a great favor should you let me ask of you some advice as to a matter concerning him you seem to love." And she glanced at Jean, who was standing in the doorway, with his back to them.

The officer, if he felt any surprise, showed none, for he answered her with kindly assurance. He then joined Jean, and the two went below, where breakfast awaited them.

The two dead soldiers were buried early in the afternoon; but the stars were coming out when the door of the great vault was closed, and the late baron left to sleep with his ancestors.

Etienne, silent and repelling, stood by, vouchsafing little notice of anyone about him. Jean had taken care to keep away from his half-brother; and the latter replied with scant courtesy to the lieutenant's salutation, when they met for the first time, as the baron's body was borne from the house.

Margot was not of those who had stood about the tomb. Etienne's temporary absence from the house being assured, she had improved the opportunity to open the secret panel and remove the metal box and bags of coin, which she hid away amongst her own belongings. She proposed, with Jean and Pierre, to seek a new home in Toulon, where a large number of Royalists, together with others who had suffered persecution from the Revolutionists, had found refuge.

Presently she saw Etienne enter the drawing room, where Jean had remained, having refused to leave the



"And springing upon Etienne, drove the rusted blade into his side."

such outbreaks; and suspecting quickly the position of affairs, had lost no time in finding a hiding place in a grove, not far from the house.

At the tidings of his father's death, a new expression came to Etienne's face, softening its coldness; but this quickly changed when, in reply to his query as to who was in command of the escort, Grelot answered, "Lieutenant Bonaparte."

An oath that made both soldiers stare burst from the young man's lips. "I will go to my apartments," he added, with a return of all his haughtiness; "and do both of you see to it that I am not disturbed by your officer."

With this he stalked through the hall, and up the stairway, shuddering as he passed the blood-stains upon the floor.

Etienne's steps on the upper stairs and along the oaken-floored hall brought Tatrot to the door of the room where lay the two wounded soldiers, one of whom was evidently dying, while the other was sleeping quietly.

"Ah, Monsieur Etienne, is it you, sir?" Then, correcting himself with "Pardon—Monsieur le Baron," he burst forth in a quavering voice, "It is surely a sad return for you."

Somewhat softened by the old man's words, and now realizing more fully the horrors of the night before, Etienne replied in an unusually kind fashion. But when he ended by ordering that a repast be brought to his rooms, Tatrot's face showed a surprise he dared not voice; for he wondered that his new master could think of sustenance for himself, so soon after coming upon the scene of his recent loss.

Margot had slept little during the night, but lay thinking of what changes were likely to come, now that the baron was dead. An intuition warned her to secure the money and valuables which the baron had entrusted to her care; to take them from their present hiding place, and have them at hand, in case some additional disaster should come. And, too, bearing in mind her master's command that she remove Jean from Etienne's rule in case of that befalling which now had come to pass, her perplexed brain had at length evolved a plan which seemed both wise and feasible. But before attempting to put it into execution, a curious impulse urged

lieutenant, who was now seated at a table, examining some papers found upon the dead Fauchel; and considering this an opportune time to make known her plans, she had turned toward the door, when Etienne's voice, full of its old-time arrogance, came to her.

"Jean, leave the room instantly, and go to your bed!"

Margot paused in the doorway and saw Jean's head raised with a beligerent poise. "I will not go for you, Etienne, when you order me in such a rude fashion," he said, his voice shaking with rage.

Uttering a vile oath, Etienne strode forward, and seizing him by the collar, dragged the boy from the chair and began striking him.

"Monsieur Etienne, do not you do that!" cried Margot, rushing toward him. "Ah, mon Dieu! How can you have the heart, and at such a time as this?"

Jean was struggling in a wild fury, using feet and hands to defend himself, which he did in a way that brought to the lieutenant's mind the scene of two years before, in the Tulleries garden.

"Hold, Monsieur le Baron," he said, distinctly and calmly. "I have the right to tell you that you cannot thus assert your authority in my presence." Etienne, as once before, released Jean, and turned to face the speaker, to whom the boy now rushed, clinging to him with a storm of passionate sobs, coming partly from anger, and partly from a bruised heart.

Margot had drawn nearer to his side; and, as Jean's sobs ceased, the three confronted Etienne, who now burst into a loud, derisive laugh.

"What can a bastard, and the friends and champions of a bastard, expect better?" he demanded, now speaking deliberately, his pale face distorted by malice.

Margot started indignantly, an angry flame springing into her eyes; and the lieutenant said in a low tone, whose very calmness was a menace, "It is scarcely the act of a gentleman to insult the defenseless and the dead."

"Insult!" cried Etienne, now letting loose all the vials of his hatred and malignity. "Peete! How can he be other than I call him, when his mother was no wife?"

"'Tis false!" declared Margot, forgetting everything like habitual respect.

"It is not," Etienne retorted; "and you are a liar when you say otherwise."

Jean, with paling face, his burning eyes fastened upon his brother, seemed stunned.

"It is not," Etienne repeated less vehemently, "as Pere Huot could tell you, if you asked him. My mother, the late baronne, died but three years ago, in, I regret to say, a madhouse, at Paris. But mad, or sane, she was the baronne; and that other woman, the mother of your young whelp there, was no wife of my father's, as you must now admit. The church would never recognize her as his wife, he being a true Catholic, and no priest performing the marriage ceremony between him and that cursed Huguenot—"

Etienne uttered an epithet too vile for repetition—an epithet that stung to madness the listening boy, who, with a cry of rage, such as might come from a new Cain awakened to life, snatched a dagger from a bric-a-brac strewn upon a near-by table, and, springing upon Etienne, drove the rusted blade into his side.

The slight form reeled and fell, a crumpled heap, upon the floor, while Margot, with a shriek that brought the soldier flying from his post in the hall, fell upon her knees, and, tried, with her apron, to stanch the flowing blood.

Jean had turned to flee; but an iron grip on his shoulder held him, and, looking up, he felt to trembling and shivering, as he met the stern eyes of his friend, looking as he had never before seen them.

"Where would you go?" inquired a low voice, whose measured calm matched the look of the eyes.

The boy stood silent.

The lieutenant, still holding him fast, moved to where Margot and the soldier were kneeling beside Etienne, and Jean met the wild-eyed regard of the wounded man, from whose white lips now poured a flood of profanity, mingled with threats of vengeance against the boy, whom he ordered to leave the apartment.

The lieutenant turned away with a scornful laugh, half-suppressed, but which Jean heard; and, taking heart, the lad looked beseechingly upward, as if asking pardon for his mad act.

"Come away—come away, my De Soto," whispered the officer; and bending he kissed the tear-wet cheek. "He has a venomous nature, truly, and one cannot be greatly blamed for treating a dog as he deserves."

Then, gathering up the papers at which he had been looking, he thrust them into his pocket, and motioned Jean to follow him from the room.

Here Margot joined them, on her way to summon Tatrot, that he might assist the soldier in getting Etienne to his own apartments.

Early next morning the household was astir—all save Etienne, who, although his wound proved to be but slight, kept to his bed, with Tatrot in attendance; and before noon all but these two had left the chateau and set out upon their various routes—Margot with Jean and Perry, for Toulon, in company with the soldier Grelot, sent by the lieutenant to escort them.

At a fork in the highway, where their roads parted, Jean turned in his saddle to look after the slender figure riding away at the head of his men.

Turning his head, as if he felt the boy's longing eyes, the lieutenant smiled and waved his hand. Then, putting spurs to his horse, he rode swiftly from sight, followed by his soldiers.

After a last backward look toward the vacant space that had held the one he loved best on earth, Jean started his horse onward, to overtake the lumbering vehicle, driven by Pierre, and containing Margot and all the travelers' belongings.

(To be continued.)

He Obedied His Orders.

John was the new English butler in the employ of a Philadelphia family. When John first came he was told by the mistress of the house that she was always at home to her sister, who was a frequent visitor to the house. The sister in question was pointed out to John on her next visit, and the mistress was satisfied in her mind that John would obey orders.

Every time the sister called John would admit the welcome guest with reverent respect. It was her custom to ask him before entering if his mistress was in, and it always happened that she was, so John would nod and profoundly bow her in.

But one day it happened that his mistress was out when the sister called. When John went to the door she, as usual, asked if her sister was in, to which John nodded in the affirmative and bowed her in. John's business at that moment took him out in the yard, and he left her in the parlor.

Divesting herself of her wraps, the visitor began to look for her sister, but seeing no signs of her downstairs concluded that she was on one of the upper floors, and went upstairs. Of course, she failed to find her, and, thinking that the butler might be mistaken, went downstairs to inquire of him again. She found him out in the yard, and calling to him, asked if he thought his mistress had gone out, as she could not find her in the house.

John, after meditating a moment, replied:

"Yes, mum, she 's h'out."
"Out!" exclaimed the sister; "why I thought you said she was at home?"
"Yes, mum," came the solemn reply, "but she-tel me that she was always at 'ome to you!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

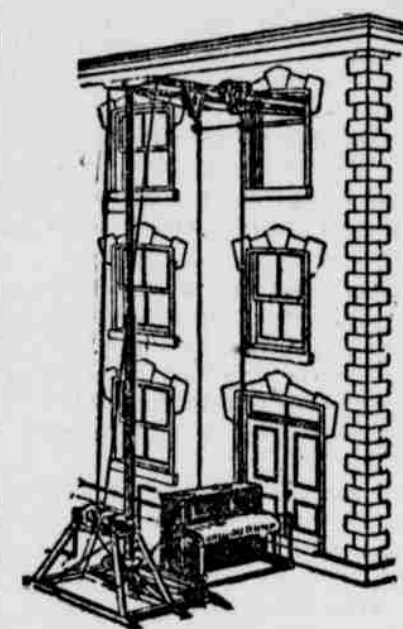
SCIENCE and INVENTION

Statistics on Coal Supply.

According to Statistician Edward W. Parker of the United States geological survey it will be from 180 to 230 years before anthracite coal will be exhausted in this country, although were the present rate of exhaustion and waste to continue the end would come in eighty years. But while he anticipates some increase in this direction in the next decade, after that he looks for a marked tendency to economize the supply. He notes the interesting fact that, although the production of anthracite has not kept pace with that of bituminous coal, it has increased faster than the population in the region where most of it is consumed. In 1880, he says, 1.82 tons of anthracite were produced for each inhabitant of the anthracite using portion of the country. This was increased to 2.47 tons per capita by 1890, and in 1900 to 2.53 tons. Using the entire population of the United States as the basis the per capita production of bituminous coal was .85 ton in 1880, 1.76 tons in 1890 and 2.76 tons in 1900. In 1860 two-thirds of the coal produced in the United States was Pennsylvania anthracite, while in 1870 anthracite constituted one-half the total, and for the last five years it has amounted to about one-fifth.

Moves Pianos Without Jar.

Hoisting large and bulky articles to the upper floors of a building takes skill and experience, and is seldom attempted except by those acquainted with the business. The method ordinarily used is to put up a block and tackle, which is always very cumbersome and in which heavy timbers



Moves Piano Without Jar.

are necessary. A Canadian has devised the very useful apparatus shown in the illustration. It is designed for the purpose of hoisting and putting through windows in the upper stories of buildings large, heavy and bulky articles. The apparatus is so constructed that it can be set to communicate with the first, second and third stories of buildings and when the work is done it can be quickly taken down and compactly put together for transportation. One of the chief advantages is that large articles can be put through the windows, as the parts take up little space. Pianos could be hoisted with little or no strain to the instrument, with no danger of scratches. It would also do away with the trouble of getting up narrow stairways and passing around sharp corners. The article to be hoisted is placed on the carrier, which is raised by the usual rope run over pulleys and attached to a roller turned by a crank. Riggers could use this apparatus to advantage, as could also piano movers or movers of safes.

Lorenzo D. Frazer of Toronto, Ont., is the patentee.

New Process in Alloys.

A Philadelphia man claims to have overcome the difficulties besetting those who have attempted to make alloys of copper and iron, and to have discovered a process of alloying these metals perfectly homogeneously. The process consists of melting copper with a mixture of oxide iron and calcium carbide. Any oxide of iron, either hematite or the black oxide, can be used. A mixture of three parts of oxide of iron and one part calcium carbide is made, and, if it is desired to obtain a 50 per cent alloy of copper and iron, eighteen parts of this mixture should be used to eight parts copper. The copper is melted in a crucible and the mixture added, a little at a time, the bath being stirred and the temperature raised gradually. When the operation is completed the alloy is found in ingots of any other desired form. If an alloy containing as much as 85 per cent of iron is required the process is reversed, a bath of iron being substituted for the bath of copper and a mixture of oxide of copper and calcium carbide being added. The inventor claims that, on account of the fact one of the metals is presented to the other in a nascent condition, a perfect union is formed.

First Knowledge of Ice.

There is a small ice plant at Jerusalem which has been in operation for three years. An oil engine of three horse power furnishes the power, while the freezer is of French manufacture. The sale of ice amounts to 700 pounds a day, and the capacity of the works is 1,400 pounds daily. The demand is increasing among the inhabitants, who, until this plant was established, had never seen ice.

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.

Note—The following article has been widely published and is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of careful marshalling and analysis of facts in presenting a subject to the public.

LEVELERS.

The Mission of Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee.

The Creator made all things, we believe.

If so, He must have made these. We know what He made food and water for, and air and sunshine, but why Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee?

They are here sure enough and each performing its work.

There must be some great plan behind it all; the thoughtful man seeks to understand something of that plan and thereby to judge these articles for their true worth.

Let us not say "bad" or "good" without taking testimony.

There are times and conditions when it certainly seems to the casual observer that these stimulant narcotics are real blessings.

Right there is the ambush that conceals a "killing" enemy.

One can slip into the habit of either whisky, tobacco or coffee easy enough, but to "untangle" is often a fearful struggle.

It seems plain that there are circumstances when the narcotic effect of these poisons is for the moment beneficial, but the fearful argument against them is that seldom ever does one find a steady user of either whisky, coffee or tobacco free from disease of some kind.

Certainly powerful elements in their effect on the human race.

It is a matter of daily history, testified to by literally millions of people, that Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee are smiling, promising, beguiling friends on the start, but always false as hell itself in the end. Once they get firm hold enough to show their strength, they insist upon governing and drive the victim steadily towards ill health in some form; if permitted to continue to rule, they will not let up until physical and mental ruin sets in.

A man under that spell (and "under the spell" is correct) of any one of these drugs frequently assures himself and his friends, "Why, I can leave off any time I want to. I did quit for a week just to show I could." It is a sure mark of the slave when one gets to that stage. He wiggled through a week, fighting every day to break the spell, was finally whipped, and began his slavery all over again.

The slave (Coffee slave as well as Tobacco and Whisky) daily reviews his condition, sees perfectly plain the steady encroachments of disease, how the nerves get weaker day by day and demand the drug that seems to smile and offer relief for a few minutes and then leave the diseased condition plainer to view than ever and growing worse. Many times the Coffee slave realizes that he is between two fires. He feels bad if he leaves off and a little worse if he drinks and allows the effect to wear off.

So it goes on from day to day. Every night the struggling victim promises himself that he will break the habit and next day when he feels a little bad (as he is quite sure to), breaks, not the habit, but his own resolution. It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins.

There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that more human misery is caused by coffee and tobacco than by whisky, for the two first are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in the effect on nerves, heart and other vital organs, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is done.

Now, Reader, what is your opinion as to the real use the Creator has for these things? Take a look at the question from this point of view.

There is a law of Nature and of Nature's God that things slowly evolve from lower planes to higher, a sturdy, steady and dignified advance toward more perfect things in both the Physical and Spiritual world. The ponderous tread of evolutionary development is fixed by the Infinite and will not be quickened out of natural law by any of man's methods.

Therefore we see many illustrations showing how nature checks too rapid advance. Illinois raises phenomenal crops of corn for two or three years, if she continued to do so every year her farmers would advance in wealth far beyond those of other sections or countries. So Nature interposes a bar every three or four years and brings on a "bad year."

Here we see the leveling influence at work.

A man is prosperous in his business for a number of years and grows rich. Then Nature sets the "leveling influence" at work on him. Some of his investments lose, he becomes luxurious and lazy. Perhaps it is whisky, tobacco, coffee, women, gambling or some other form. The intent and purpose is to level him—keep him from evolving too far ahead of the masses.

A nation becomes prosperous and great like ancient Rome. If no leveling influence set in she would dominate the world perhaps for all time. But Dame Nature sets her army of "levelers" at work—luxury, overeating and drinking, licentiousness, waste and extravagance, indulgences of all kinds—then comes the wreck. Sure, Sure, Sure.

The law of the unit is the law of the mass. Man goes through the same process. Weakness (in childhood), gradual growth of strength, energy, thrift, probity, prosperity, wealth, comfort, ease, relaxation, self-indulgence, luxury, idleness, waste, debauchery,

disease, and the wreck follows. The "levelers" are in the bushes along the pathway of every successful man and woman, and they bag the majority.

Only now and then can a man stand out against these "levelers" and hold his fortune, fame and health to the end.

So the Creator has use for Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee to level down the successful ones and those who show signs of being successful, and keep them back in the race, so that the great "field" (the masses) may not be left too far behind.

And yet we must admit that same all-wise Creator has placed it in the power of man to stand upright, clothed in the armor of a clean-cut, steady mind, and say unto himself, "I decline to exchange my birthright for a mess of pottage."

"I will not deaden my senses, weaken my grip on affairs and keep myself cheap, common and behind in fortune and fame by drugging with whisky, tobacco or coffee. Life is too short. It is hard enough to win the good things without any sort of handicap, so a man is certainly a 'fool trader' when he trades strength, health, money and the good things that come with power for the half-asleep condition of the 'druggier,' with the certainty of sickness and disease ahead."

It is a matter each individual must decide for himself. He can be a leader and semi-god if he will, or he can go along through life a drugged clown, a cheap "hewer of wood or carrier of water."

Certain it is that while the Great Father of us all does not seem to "mind" if some of his children are foolish and stupid, he seems to select others (perhaps those he intends for some special work) and allows them to be threshed and castigated most fearfully by these "levelers."

If a man tries flirting with these levelers a while, and gets a few slaps as a hint, he had better take the hint, or a good solid blow will follow.

When a man tries to live upright, clean, thrifty, sober and undrugged, manifesting as near as he knows what the Creator intends he should, happiness, health and peace seem to come to him. Does it pay?

This article was written to set people thinking, to rouse the "God within," for every highly-organized man and woman has times when they feel a something calling from within for them to press to the front and "be about the Father's business." Don't mistake it; the spark of the Infinite is there and it pays in every way—health, happiness, peace and even worldly prosperity—to break off the habits and strip clean for the work cut out for us.

It has been the business of the writer to provide a practical and easy way for people to break away from the coffee habit and be assured of a return to health and all of the good things that brings, provided the abuse has not gone too far, and even then the cases where the body has been rebuilt on a basis of strength and health run into the thousands.

It is an easy and comfortable step to stop coffee instantly by having well-made Postum Food Coffee served rich and hot with good cream, for the color and flavor is there, but none of the caffeine or other nerve-destroying elements of ordinary coffee.

On the contrary, the most powerful rebuilding elements furnished by Nature are in Postum and they quickly set about repairing the damage. Seldom is it more than two days after the change is made before the old stomach or bowel troubles or complaints of kidneys, heart, head or nerves show unmistakable evidence of getting better, and ten days' time changes things wonderfully.

Literally millions of brain-working Americans to-day use Postum, having found the value and common sense in the change.

C. W. POST.

Generous Deed of Elks.

Through the generosity of the Bridgeport lodge of Elks, Peter Markoon of Wallingford, Conn., will profit by the unfortunate accident which he met with while witnessing the Elks' banner raising. A runaway horse ran him down and dislocated his collar bone.

The bone was not fractured as at first reported. Markoon was here looking for work; and when the Elks heard that he had a wife and family dependent upon him for support they sent a committee out to investigate.

Markoon, as a result, was sent back to Wallingford to-day, after the Bridgeport lodge of Elks had paid his medical expenses, secured his ticket, given him money for incidental expenses, and told him to calculate upon \$3 per week for the next four weeks.

The Elks went further. They notified the Wallingford lodge to take care of Markoon and help him to get employment. Markoon is not a member of the order, never was, and the Elks were not in any way liable for the accident.—Boston Globe.

The Eternal Feminine.

He—Will you—O, will you be mine forever?

She—Mercy, no! I just accepted Cholly Saphedde last night.

He—What! Has all your encouragement to me meant nothing of affection?

She—Oh, I assure you it has meant a good deal. In fact, I don't know how I'd have managed without you. You see, until you came along and I began to be so nice to you, Cholly didn't seem to have any serious intentions at all.—Baltimore American.

This One of the Years.

Johnny—Pa, when was the year of the big wind?

Father—Any year when there was an election.